

# The Tragical Ballad : Or, The Lady who fell in Love with the Serving-Man.

**G**OOD People here attend  
 Unto these Lines I've penn'd,  
 Which to the world I send,  
 therefore draw near,  
 And hear what I shall say,  
 Alack-and-a-well-a day;  
 Unto Love's sad Decay  
 prov'd most severe  
 There was a Serving Man  
 That lived near the *Strand*;  
 As I do understand,  
 he was so fair:  
 That this young Lady bright,  
 Could not rest Day nor Night,  
 He was her Heart's Delight,  
 she lov'd him dear.  
 Now this young Lady cry'd,  
 I can't be satisfy'd,  
 I wish I was his Bride,  
 to ease my Smart:  
 Young *Cupid* bend thy Bow,  
 And wound my Lover so,  
 That in short time he'll know  
 a Love-sick Heart.  
 Why should I thus complain?  
 He knoweth not my Pain;  
 He being my Servant-Man,  
 and I so great:  
 Could I unclofe my Mind,  
 Great Comfort should I find,  
 But Fortune proves unkind,  
 oh! cruel Fate.  
 Why was I born so high,  
 To live in Misery:  
 Or *Cupid's* Darts to fly  
 into my Breast:  
 I wish I was as poor:  
 My Love would me adore;  
 Then should I evermore  
 enjoy my Dear.  
 Then the young Lady said,  
 Why should I be afraid?  
 I'll call my Servant Maid,  
 to tell my Mind:  
*Betty, Betty*, said she,  
 Pray come you here to me,  
 You shall my Council be,  
 and I'll prove kind.  
 I love my Servant Man,  
 You know our honest *John*:  
 Let me do what I can,  
 I can't be free:  
 Love has eninar'd my Heart,

That I do feel the Smart:  
*Cupid* with his keen Dart,  
 has wounded me.  
 Then said the Damsel fair,  
 Madam since you declare,  
 Your Mind I can't forbear,  
 but let you know.  
 I am in the same Case,  
 I love his charming Face:  
 My Heart within his Breast  
 is plr'd also:  
 In Sorrow discontent,  
 Away the Damsel went;  
 Her Heart with Mischief bent;  
 as you shall find.  
 Tho' she's my Lady fair,  
 Her Secrets I'll declare;  
 Or I shall lose my Dear  
 in little Time.

## PART II.

**G**ood People lend an Ear  
 I'm sure you'll shed a Tear,  
 When you this Story hear,  
 the second Part;  
 How *Cupid* bent his Bow,  
 Wounding three Lovers so;  
 Great Sorrows they did know,  
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 The Damsel first begun,  
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 Could I draw back my Mind,  
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 We leave the Damsel there  
 Intangled in Love's Snare,  
 To treat of the young fair  
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Draw me not in a Snare,  
 If my Master should hear,  
 we are ruin'd.  
 Rather than that should be,  
 I'll go along with thee,  
 Either by Land or Sea,  
 or where you please:  
 You are my Heart's Delight;  
 I'll travel Day and Night.  
 So they consented strait  
 to cross the Seas.  
 Then said the Lady bright,  
 To-morrow when 'tis light,  
 I'll marry my Delight;  
 then I will go  
 Along with thee, my Dear,  
 And Man's Apparel wear:  
 No one shall us ensnare,  
 nor shall us know.

### PART III

O Aserve this Part the third,  
 The Servant Maid she stood,  
 And heard them every word;  
 then strait she run:  
 Master, Master, said she,  
 Alas! you ruin'd be;  
 Your Doughter doth agree  
 to marry *John*.  
 To-morrow is the Day,  
 As I did hear them say;  
 That they would go away,  
 and married be:  
 She doth him so adore,  
 They leave their Native shore,  
 to cross the Seas.  
 When she had thus declar'd,  
 As call'd his Daughter fair,  
 Madam what are you there?  
 her Father cry'd.  
 Pray call *John* here also.  
 The Truth I mean to know:  
 And if I find it so,  
 I will provide  
 A place, you need not fear,  
 Both for you and your Dear,  
 And I will prove severe  
 unto you both.  
 Father your Will be done,  
 He's like to be your Son:  
 Or else I'll ne'er have none,  
 upon my Troth.  
 Daughter since you say so,  
 To Prison he shall go;  
 And I'll confine also  
 you to your Room:  
 Father, Father, forbear,  
 Do not punish my Dear;

Let me the Burthen bear;  
 or I'm undone.  
 She's to her Chamber sent,  
 And he to Prison went,  
 In Sorrow and Discontent,  
 there to remain;  
 Then in his Cruelty,  
 He sent him o'er the Sea,  
 A Solpier there to be,  
 to fight in *Spain*:  
 Now cry'd the Servant-Maid,  
 Alas; it was I betray'd  
 Your Love and mine, she said,  
 what have I done?  
 With that she tore her Hair,  
 And felt into Despair;  
 And as I do declare,  
 to *Bedlam's* gone.  
 That very self same Night,  
 This youthful Lady bright,  
 In dark and dolesome Night  
 got clear away.  
 Out of a Window high  
 She got her Liberty,  
 Travelling till she came nigh  
 unto the Seas.  
 And in short time we hear,  
 She cross'd the Ocean fair,  
 In Man's Apparel there  
 she met her Dear.  
 A Soldier was she also,  
 Her true Love did not know,  
 She being his Comrade too,  
 as we do hear.  
 In *Spain* they were not long,  
 Before they both were drawn  
 Into a Party strong,  
 to fight ther Foes:  
 The first that wounded were,  
 Was this young Lady fair;  
 Dying she did declare  
 her Grief and Woe.  
 As she lay on the Ground,  
 He suck'd her bloody Wound.  
 Crying, my Dear is gone  
 with her sweet Charms:  
 Shall I live longer too,  
 No, no, that ne'er will do;  
 Piercing his Body through;  
 dying in her Arme.  
 Now came this News we hear,  
 Unto her Father dear:  
 He stamp'd and tore his Hair,  
 grieving he said,  
 Alas my Daughter dear,  
 I prov'd to thee severe:  
 so I'll end my Days.